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crowded out into the hall. This will be remedied in a couple of weeks, when the society expect to move into the centrally located house of Messrs. Grant and Butler.

The rehearsal consisted of two opera choruses and the score of *Elijah*, Prof. Hast directing with more than usual emphasis. The forwardness evinced by the members warrants the announcement that the first concert will be given the last of this month or first of the next. The exact date will be announced shortly.

During the recess the permanent organization of the society was effected. A. T. Miles, Esq., was called to the chair. The report of the committee on constitution was then read by the secretary and adopted, *nem. con.* by the society. The following are the main features of the organization:

The business management is confided to a board of managers, consisting of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, librarian, and four active members. No purchases can be made, no debts created, and no money paid out of the treasury, except upon the certified order of the board, to which order the signatures of the president and secretary are essential. The provisions of the constitution have been carefully drawn, with a view to render impossible the misapplication of the funds of the society.

To serve as a check upon the board, there is a provision that upon the call of twenty members the society shall resolve itself into a committee of the whole for the review or transaction of any business.

The musical management is confided to a music committee, consisting of a director, two assistant directors, and two active members. This committee meets with the board of managers, but has no vote in business matters.

All officers are elected on the last Monday in March, and serve for a year from the first Monday in October ensuing, or until their successors are elected and qualified.

Members are divided into two classes, active and visiting. As all sections referring to visiting members are suspended until the first of October, 1867, no explanations are at present necessary. Active members are recommended by the music committee, and elected by ballot, a nearly unanimous vote being necessary to the election. Gentlemen pay an initiation fee of three dollars, and during the musical season a monthly fee of fifty cents. Ladies are exempt. Members receive two tickets one admitting the member and one friend to all rehearsals, and one admitting two persons to the public rehearsals. Membership is forfeited by non-payment of dues for three months, and also by absence from three consecutive rehearsals. Those interested will please take note.

The last rehearsal in each month is a public rehearsal; but as the system of visiting membership is inoperative during the present musical season, no public rehearsals will be given until October, 1867. For the present season, a series of subscription concerts is announced, of which the first occurs as before stated in about three weeks. No concert can be given, except for the benefit of the society.

The provision for amendments, alterations or suspension, is ample, and the society can quickly

cure any defects which may be discovered in the general plan.

The permanent organization for the present season is as follows, all elected by acclamation:

President, D. P. Faulds.
Vice-President, A. D. Miles.
Secretary, James Edmunds.
Treasurer, Harry Bishop.
Librarian, C. C. Hull.
Coadjutors, board of managers, Drs. Mason and Miller, and Messrs. Fred. Huber and J. B. Webster.

Musical Director, Prof. Louis Hast.
Assistant Directors, Prof. George Zoeller and H. J. Peters, Esq.

Coadjutors, music committee, Messrs. Boehning and Hillman.

The music loving people of Louisville may congratulate themselves on the certainty that the Philharmonic society is an established fact; and may rest assured that there will be no postponement of concerts. In the vocabulary of the society there is no such word as fail; and its roll includes the very best amateur talent and the most brilliant genius of the city.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

III.

November 10th.

An autumnal eve of moaning winds and cloud veiled skies. With eager eye and perturbed mind I regard the storm-menacing heavens. "Mamma, will it rain to-morrow?" I inquire, for this is the vigil of our weekly fête—the eve of our enchanting tone-Sabbath; and should bright Phœbus bless the day with his shining smile, Enrico will be here with all his glittering cortège. Mamma's response disperses somewhat the morrow's rosy dreams, and I resume my evening lesson of grand old Sophocles, perusing aloud to my maternal listener, the sad, inspiring history of the self-sacrificing hero-maiden Antigone.

Dear! do I love classic lore, and with sweet delight my mind reverts to that tender age when I studied to dear mamma the ancient Mythologies of Rome and Greece. And what modern romance could compensate for the pleasure I derived from reading for the first time that glittering triad—the *Illiad*, *Odyssey*, and *Æniad*, upon which mamma based my education. Mighty poems are these which do record the colossal deeds of men not far removed from gods. Homer, so sublimely great, so full of spirit, so replete with rapture, force, and fire; and Virgil, so light and sweet, so refined and tenderly graceful. But Sophocles, the Homer of tragedians, as he has somewhere been styled, is to my maturing mind the most majestic of the Greek poets. This great dramatist was born at Colonus, an Attic village near Athens, about four hundred years B. C.—a golden age for Grecian art and Grecian literature—an age glittering with the bright glories of Herodotus, Pericles, Phidias, Æschylus, and Socrates—the age that witnessed the striking contrasts of the battles of Marathon and Arginusæ—the age that saw Athens triumphant over Persia, and humbled by the failure of the Sicilian expedition.

A lovelier picture was never drawn than that which the poet gives us of his birthplace, in that wonderful chorus in *Ædipus at Colonus*.

" * * * A noble spot
Colonus, glistening bright.
Where ever more in thickets freshly green,
The clear voiced nightingale
Still loves to haunt, and pour her plaintive song
By purpling ivy hid,
Or the thick leafage sacred to the gods.

* * * * *
"And there beneath the gentle dews of heaven
The fair narcissus with its clustered bells
Blooms ever day by day,
And the bright crocus with its leaf of gold.
And still unslumbering flow
Kephissus' wandering streams
With clear and crystal wave."

Sophocles was the author of one hundred and seventeen dramas. Indeed he is said to have been the first poet who made of tragedy the drama, and of all these dramas, *Antigone* was his darling. Satyrus attributes his death to a public recitation of *Antigone*, in which he sustained his voice so long without a pause, that through the weakness of extreme old age, he lost his breath and life together. Towards the close of his life, Sophocles was subjected to one of the most unnatural trials that a sensitive nature could have been summoned to bear. Iophon, Sophocles' rightful heir being jealous of his father's love for his grandson, and apprehensive that he intended to bestow a large portion of his estate upon him, had him brought before the court to answer to the charge of insanity. Sophocles' only reply was "If I am Sophocles, I am not beside myself; and if I am beside myself, I am not Sophocles;" and then proceeded to read from his *Ædipus at Colonus*, which he had just written, but had not yet brought out, one of its most magnificent passages, upon which the judges dismissed the case, severely rebuking Iophon for his unnatural conduct.

The argument of this drama (*Antigone*) is based upon the disastrous results of the Theban war, that fratricidal combat between the sons of *Ædipus*, and the noble heroism of *Antigone*, their sister, who performs the holy rite of burying her brother's corse in defiance of her uncle Creon, the newly crowned King of Thebes, who decrees that it shall be dishonored by exposure to the prey of dogs and vultures, the penalty for breaking this command being *death*. A more serene, august, but still impassioned love, was never depicted than this of *Antigone* for her wayward, deceased brother. Not ignorant is the daring one of the edict, or the penalty, for when questioned by the King,

"Didst thou then dare to disobey the laws?"
She answers.

"Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice dwelling with the gods below.
Nor do I deem thy edicts strong enough
Coming from mortal man to set at naught
The unwritten laws of God that know not change."

After the completion of her noble defence, in which she says that

"There is something holy without and above the State, to which the State ought to pay respect and reverence," and declares "I could no higher glory gain than giving to my brother solemn burial," she is taken away to meet her punishment. And so closes the evening's lesson, with

the grand catastrophal tableaux, the cavern rock, the last sad daughter of a royal line dead, and by her side her faithful lover, Hæmon, Creon's son, self-slain: dead bridegroom and dead bride. And in the palace court the ill-starred Eurydice, corse, the crowning woe to Thebes' King.

The night is not yet far spent, but wild shrieks the storm wind through the dried leaves of the aëlanthus, and Eolus' strong hands tear from the cottage façade the fast clinging vines. Strangely fascinated I peer forth into the Stygian darkness, and with ear attuned to this wild harmony listen—listen, and memory goes back to a mountain haunt, a summer glory, and forms and faces do gleam from out this wild night-storm—faces aural with song and tone. Two orient countenances I see, with passion-flashing eyes, and locks that rival the raven's plume. One, the Prince of Tones, whose gifts I erst have named: the other, primal born, bears a sacred name, bestowed by Heaven. In a cloud-sphere of harmony do they envelop the listening nymphs and Music-charmed dryads. While with inspiration illuming their dark, expressive lineaments, they wake with wonderful play the divine harmony from those magnificent duos, now running up brilliant scale-passages into dizzy musical heights, now descending those riffs of Tone-verdure, scintillating with sun-light and cloud-shadow, down into the sweet tangled abysses of human love and human woe.

And two double-wedded souls are there, whom Hymen double bound by Music and Artistic accomplishments. Ennius of old boasted that he was triple souled, because he three distinct languages knew. Now what shall Enrico claim, whose brow is bound with triple bays: and Regina, surpassing the boastful Roman in her lingual acquirements—while gifted with a voice majestic, contralto-deep, with the brilliance and dazzling flight of a divine soprano. Whole scenes she sings from the immortal works of the laurel-wreathed. Trembling and awe-stricken do the mountain-dwellers listen to her awesome vocalization of that mighty "Spirit Song," mighty in power, mighty in mystery; a strange, unearthly, terrible song that no feeling or intelligence of mine can annalize.

But the loveliest refrain that comes back to me from that bouquet of Tone-blossoms is Enrico's wood-melodies; fresh, fragrant, and dew-dripping, scenting of cooling mosses and quivering lily-buds, redolent with the sweet, virgin earth, and the hum of the honey bee, flashing with sun-gleam and star-light, jocund with the sweet notes of the wood-robin and the meadow-lark.

And still rages the tempest without, swaying and twisting with rude strength my Lombard friend, the shining poplar; hurling the liquid balls through the vine-leaves against the window panes, and shaking the cottage with menacing violence. Aflack, aflack for the morrow's fête! But lo! the morning dawns! A morning iridescent with promise. Fly swift, ye winged hours athwart heaven's glittering dome! And now the dial points to the mystic hour. With fluttering expectancy, I descend to the little melodic fane. Mamma is already enthroned in her chair of ease, and Penserosa, with moon-lucid eyes, peers through the soft folds of window lace, and heralds the approach of the day's high guests—a glit-

tering throng, engendered from the purple skies, ethereal presenced. Some bear lutes upon their arms, and some the lettered scroll, and all bear import of their high emprise. First, a columnar figure, blazing Hyperion, with golden brown hyacinthine curls, and mien of majestic brightness; and though himself an oracle and thence unused to listen, stands with reverent head, while la diva sings with liquid grace, Ines' mournful "Addio."

Now swells and falls, pulses, and throbs the dulcet notes, breathed out from my new found Love, but stronger hands than mine, and surer, awake those delicious harmonies. Anon there springs beneath il maestro's touch a magic murmuring fountain; and foam and spray, and crystal wave and glittering Iris-bow distinct arise, although unseen; and airy lilies, white and odorous, budding and blown, do fringe that fount divine. Enchanted, bewildered, the high Muses drain the nectar flood, and haleyon joy and wild delight make drunk the listening souls.

A vesper hymn is chanted low, to conclude the day's bright festival. La Bergère, proud woodland queen, intones with sweet melodic voice, while 'Apollo, morning-bright Apollo, turns the leaves with face of sun-light radiance.

CECILIA.

THE UNFORTUNATE NIGHTS OF A VIOLONCELLIST.

— SOUVENIRS.

Translated from *La Gazette Artistique* by MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

WEISBADEN, * * August, 1859.

**** We were the envy and despair of the *table d'hôte*.

They heard us laugh from one end to the other of the immense *fer à cheval* de Nassauerhof, and those grave faces often asked each other how it was we found so much gaiety at a German *table d'hôte*.

Wieniawski had just related to us with sparkling animation a number of adventures in his recent travels; each one of us added his quota of souvenirs, which it would take long to relate; but, for to-day, I will only speak of the travels of Piatti in England.

Piatti holds the violin in horror, and violinists in execration.

Then, listen, judge, and do not condemn him.

It was with the celebrated German violinist, Molique, that he traveled for the first time in England.

Molique's room was contiguous to that of Piatti. The proximity was charming as long as the day lasted; but as soon as night came, and as soon as Piatti had drawn his curtains around him, Molique would commence to smoke. If he had contented himself with smoking, that would not have been an evil, for tobacco benumbs the senses, and provokes sleep; but he walked whilst smoking, and in walking, he prevented poor Piatti from sleeping.

It was in vain that he besought, prayed Molique to cease walking.

— I can not smoke without walking, he said, and I would sooner die than not smoke.

After this Piatti traveled with Sainton.

Sainton did not spend the night in walking,

but he had a mania for dominoes, he possesses a will equal to Jules Janin, and he passed a portion of the night in playing with one of his friends. Piatti, who, like Napoleon, has the faculty of sleeping only half an hour, when there is only half an hour to sleep, Piatti slept whilst the two friends played; but he was unfailingly awakened each time they threw the dice, for each time Sainton exclaimed, at the same time striking the table with his fist and the floor with his foot:

"*Coquin de double-six*, then I am always to have you."

Then Piatti, being unable to sleep, could do nothing better than to join the domino party. He did not find in that any great enjoyment, but it was necessary to pass away the time.

His mishaps with violinists were not to end here.

Beal proposed a tour with Ernst. "*A la bonne heure*," said Piatti, "Ernst is in very delicate health, consequently he will not smoke at night, he will sleep, it will be necessary for him to sleep; I will have his physician prescribe sleep; and I,—I will sleep also. He will not play dominoes, and I have never seen him play chess; chess, a game of the imagination, does not make any noise, and should he play in the night, well! that will not keep me from sleeping."

Enchanted with these good reasons, Piatti commenced his tour with Ernst. They arrived at night at an inn, and both slept in the same room. Piatti already slept profoundly, when he was suddenly awakened by these words, pronounced by Ernst: "Perfidious one, you shall die!" Piatti, terrified, drew his head under the coverlid. Then he heard a confused sound of words, whinnings, lamentations, and, at length, "Well, yes, I will pardon you." At these words, Piatti, reassured, ventured to put his nose outside the coverlid; but he passed the remainder of the night in melancholy reflections upon his destiny.

I have no luck with violinists, said he; this one has the night-mare . . . he dreams aloud; but that is not his fault, and I cannot prevent it.

Piatti had forgotten his mishaps, his sleepless nights, when a year ago, he made a tour with Sivori. He had just retired to bed, when Sivori entered his room, which adjoined Piatti's. How well I shall sleep, thought Piatti, feeling that drowsiness pass over his eyes which usually precedes sleep; but scarcely had he extinguished his candle, when he heard or thought he heard a noise which he could not describe: it was like the clattering of little hammers.

— Those are mice, said he, and turned over in his bed; but to the clattering was added a noise, which recalls what is so often heard in the south of France and Italy, that kind of buzzing produced by mosquitoes. It is not possible! said Piatti, it is freezing cold; this is not the season for mosquitoes. It is an illusion of the country; notwithstanding, I am not at Bergame, and do not dream.

He rang, he called, they came, and assured him there were neither mice in the hotel, or mosquitoes in the air; nevertheless he continued to hear the clatterings mingled with light whizzings.

At length, approaching by degrees to the place whence the sounds seemed to proceed, he arrived at Sivori's chamber, and found him in his shirt,